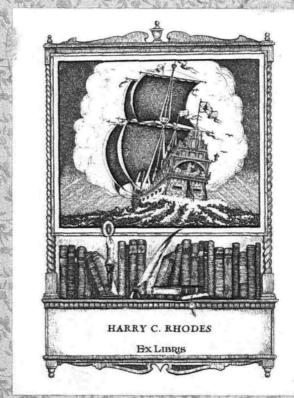
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K. I P

[KNOWLEDGE IS POWER]



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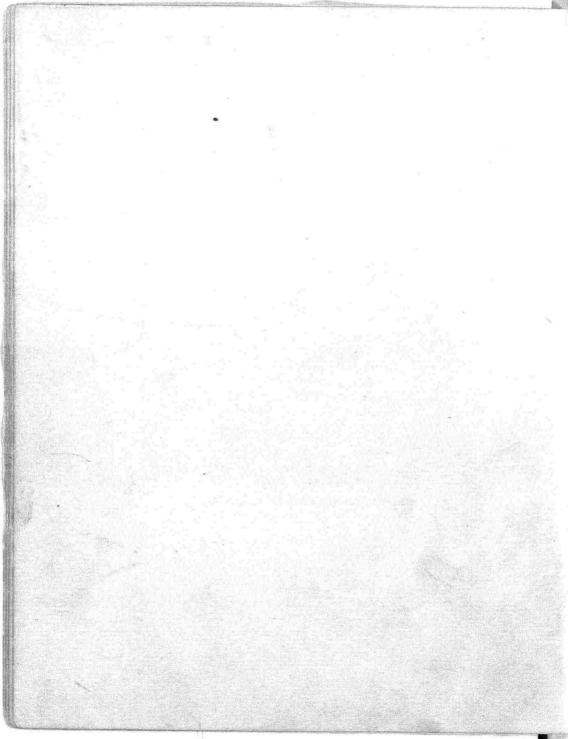
THE STUDENTS

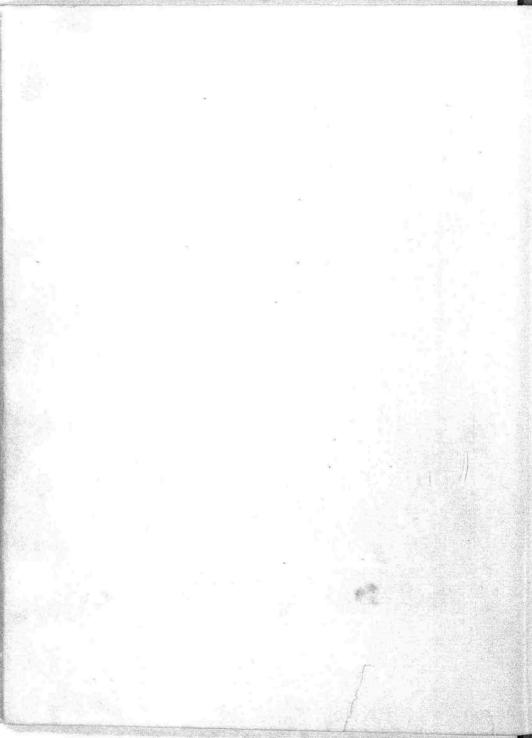
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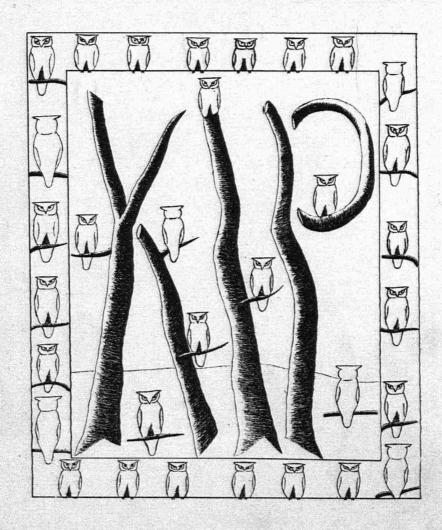
THE CENTREVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

Centreville, Maryland.









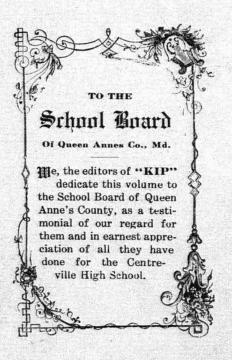
Arrostic

THAT-

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER
No one will deny
On any occasion
Whenever you try.
Look at your Faculty,
Each one that you see
Demonstrates it fully
Good students agree.
Entirely mistaken,

Indeed is the man, who, Striving for honors,

Jursues the old plan
Of trying to gain them
With greed or with gold.
Ever heed then our motto,
Real strength it will hold.





DR. A. E. SUDLER



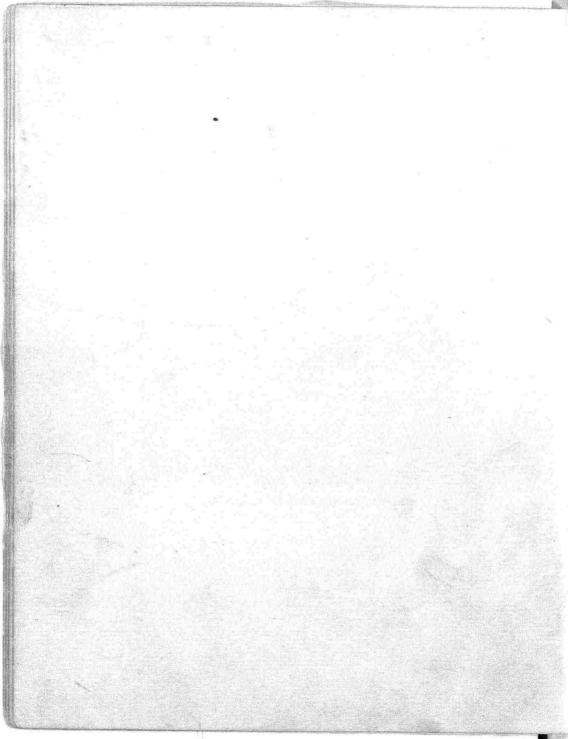
DR. J. M. CORKRAN



DR. J. R. BENTON



PROF. B. J. GRIMES



In Memoriam.

Couis Carey Beatty.

Born August 3, 1850.

Superintendent of Schools for Queen Anne's County from 1886 until his death in 1986.

Fortis atque fidelis.

Introductory

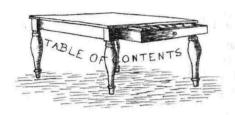
OLLOWING the lead of numerous sister institutions of the State, the Centreville High School has decided to issue a Year Book.

We hope, through the medium of these pages, to bring our parents and friends into closer touch with the school and its work, and to increase the interest of the pupils in their Alma Mater.

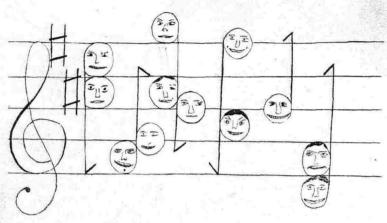
We will not attempt in this introductory to set forth the merits of our little book, but rather will ask leniency in your judgment of this, our first effort in publishing an Annual. If errors occur we trust that they will be excused on the ground of our inexperience in producing work of this character.

Of those with whom our humorous editors seem to have dealt harshly, we ask that each one laugh as gladly when the joke is on himself as when on another.

We take this opportunity to thank the kind friends who have so aided us in our maiden effort to produce an Annual:—our advertisers have lent us real financial aid; our alumni have encouraged us by their appreciation and help; our faculty has aided and guided; the undergraduates have been very helpful; other friends have kindly lent their pens to fill a few of our pages. For all of this we render hearty thanks, and one thing only remains to be asked -that you, one and all, buy a "KIP."



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Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief. C. CLINTON BRAMBLE.

Associate Editors. MARY GERTRUDE RHODES, FRANCES ELIZA PERRY.

Departmental.

ALUMNI. EDITH E. CLARK. BESSIE MCFEELY. ROBERT FORD.

LOCAL.

ATHLETICS.

ART.

HUMOROUS.

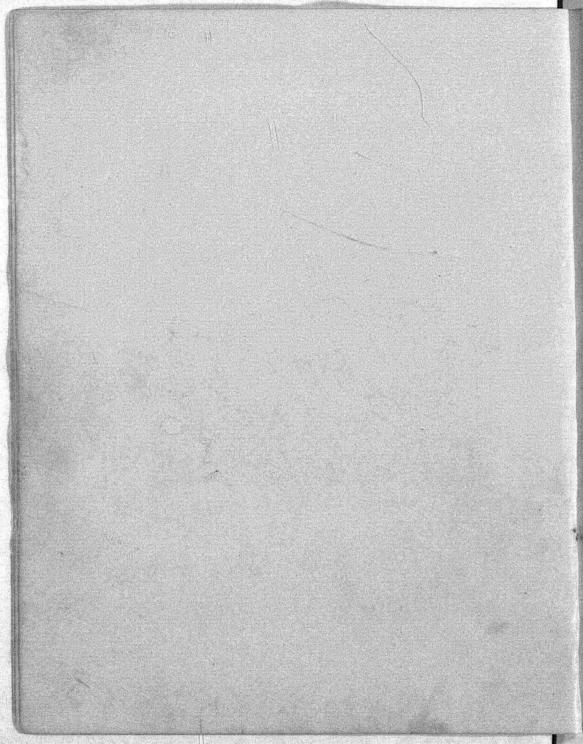
GRACE I. WOOD, BLANCHE E. CLOUGH, FLORENCE BISHOP. MARIA T. FORMAN.

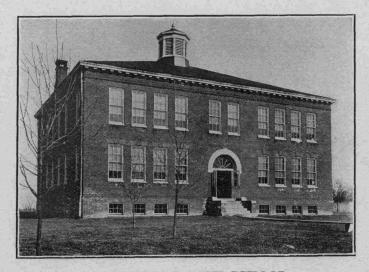
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

- J. ARCHIBALD MITCHELL,
- S. HARRISON NEWNAM.

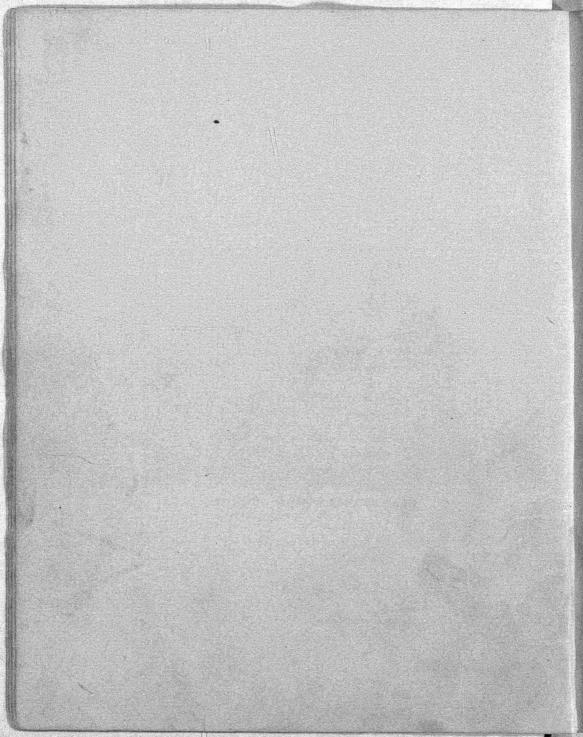


EDITORIAL STAFF





CENTREVILLE HIGH SCHOOL



The County School House

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Under the azure Centreville sky
The County High School stands;
'Tis broad and long and deep and high,
'Twas built by gen'rous hands,
And each window of this well known pile
A good wide view commands.

The grass is green around this place,
The scene is very fair;
The building stands back from the street
And says, with such an air,
"Are children seeking knowledge pray?
To my inner rooms—'tis there!"

Week in, week out, from nine till four.
You can hear the students hum;
You can hear them con their lessons o'er,
The measured Latin tongue.
Then our English grammar and rhetoric
And the "PARLEY-VOUS" will come

And Clio sings in a strident voice,
Civics, anon we hear,
And math doth make those children rave
When to "x" they come not near,
Or when the angle and curve perplex
A tear may come, I fear.

The children coming far from home
Throng in at the open door;
They love to greet their teachers dear,
And then themselves to pour
Into wisdom's moulds and varied shapes—
For that is what school's for.

On Sunday silent stands the pile
Without a bit of noise,
For in their homes each child doth now
In freedom lift the voice.
Teachers, too, their rest do take,
Which makes their hearts rejoice.

Fall term and spring term, all year round,
Onward each lesson goes;
Each morning sees the tasks begun,
Each afternoon their close;
Something attempted, something done,
All earn a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, oh school house dear,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus in the after days of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus must we daily labor on
With worthy deed and thought.

Faculty

JAMES BAYARD NOBLE, A.B., PRINCIPAL, Mathematics and Science.

> LIDA PRICE, VICE PRINCIPAL, English and French.

CLARA ESTELLE ROSE, Latin and History.

ANNIE NAOMI CROWL, A. B., Algebra, Arithmetic and Science.

> SARA ELLEN CLASH, Fifth Grade.

MARGARET ANNA LOCKARD,
Fourth Grade.

JOHN T. BRUEHL, Manual Training and Drawing.



LIDA PRICE





CLARA ESTELLE ROSE Mrs Jas Keating



ANNIE NAOMI CROWL



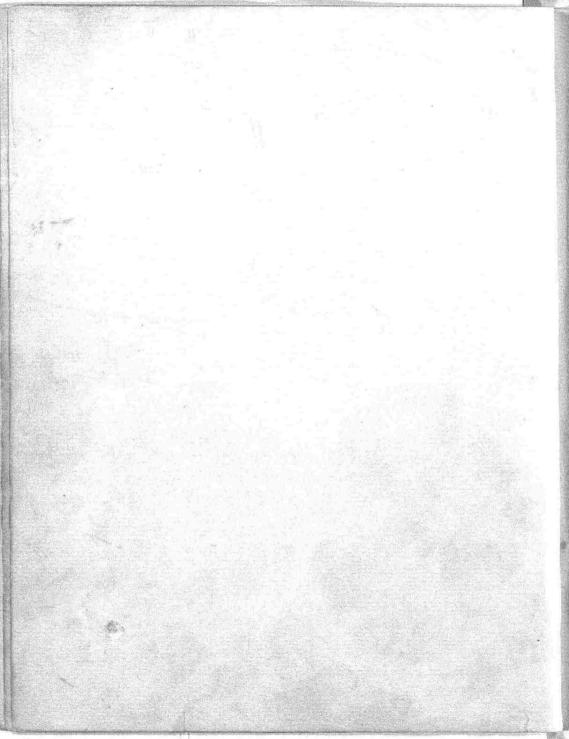
JOHN T. BRUEHL



SARA ELLEN CLASH



MARGARET ANNA LOCKARD



A Few Facts Regarding the Foundation of Oneen Anne's County and Centreville

[By Edwin H. Brown, Jr.]

In the language of Lord Acton, truth and fact are the foundation of everything noble and of worth. Truth is eloquent and fact is stranger than fiction. It seems, therefore, that the most eloquent and interesting narative that could be written in the first Year Book published by an institution which is naturally the center of learning of Queen Anne's county, would be a few facts relative to the origin of Queen Anne's county and of Centreville, the county seat thereof. There is so much of interest in places and things near at hand, that it always seems strange that in studying history, so much time and labor should be spent in studying the facts and fancies of people so far away, when so much of interest and so much knowledge could be obtained from and about things near at hand.

Queen Anne's county is full and replete in matters of historical interest, and one, in dealing with these, feels that he is not only dealing in facts connected with some of the greatest events of the history of this country, but is also dealing with people whose example will always be one which we could well follow, for they have surely left

"foot prints on the sands of time."

The history of Queen Anne's county is connected with the early history of the first settlers of this State. Around Kent Island waged one of the bloodest of the earliest wars of the State, and on it was established the first Episcopal Church in this State, and we might say in this country.

This county was named after good Queen Anne of England, and was created in 1706. It was made out of parts of Kent and Talbot counties. Kent county, until the creation of Talbot county, in 1660-61, comprised nearly all the territory on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, north of the Choptank. Upon the creation of Queen Anne's county into a separate and distinct county, Queenstown was made the county seat, and around this little village, which we may call archaic, and which now peaceably and quietly slumbers on the creek bearing its name, revolved everything of interest and importance of the county, and very often of the Shore.

Queen Anne's county was noted for its refinement and for its learning, and this little village was its center. The first Court House and Jail for this county were located there.

In the quaint literature of that time, it was "Resolved a Towne be erected on the land of Mr. William Sweatnam in Corsivall Creek. in Chester River." This was the first place contemplated by the inhabitants of Queen Anne's county for building the county seat, and from records it is supposed that it was somewhere near the present town of Centreville. This was finally abandoned, and the town never built, the county seat being established at Queens Towne. For some years this little village remained the county seat, but it appears that about 1776, it being found that it was an inconvenient place for transacting public business, it became necessary to find a more

centrally located place and one easier of access. The place determined upon first was at Chester Mills, where George Hanson at one time dwelt, and which is now known as Hibernia.

The Court House was never built there, although it appears and is confirmed by the testimony of some old residents of this county, that there was a jail built and used, it appearing to the early settlers of this county that incarceration was more necessary than the meteing out of justice, for we find at every session of the General Assembly an act "For the benefite of ye languishing prisoners in Goal." At this little place, very near where the jail stood, was one of the oldest taverns of this County. This "ordinary," situated on the western side of the public road which leads from Centreville to Queenstown, and on the north side of the road which leads from this Queenstown and Centreville road into Corsica Neck, was the stopping place of many men of note, it being one of the changing places for the coach from Annapolis to Philadelphia. A ferry was used in crossing the bay to Kent Island and there a stage coach utimately carried them to their destination, the Quaker City of Penn., which by all right and justice should be within the State of Maryland today. This little village, not thriving as it was contemplated by its founders, the Court House and Jail were removed north of what was known as Chester Mills to the present location of the town of Centreville.

By an Act of Dec. 25, 1789, the General Assembly authorized Richard Tilghman, Henry Pratt, Robert Walters, Samuel Earle, Solomon Clayton to purchase land and erect a Court House and prison thereon, and the land thus purchased was to be "bounded with stores and posts at each corner thereof and the plat of same with a certificate and explanation" was to be recorded among the records of Queen Anne's county. "The said land shall be held by said justices and their successors forever as public land for the purposes aforesaid, and shall ever hereafter be called Centre Ville."

An Act of Dec. 26, 1794, recites that "whereas sundry inhabitants of Queen Anne's county have by their honorable petition to this General Assembly set forth that the owners of the land at the new Court House of said county have surveyed and laid out a quantity thereof, in acre lots, the greater part of which are already purchased up and improved" and have praved that the said survey of lots may be erected into a town, "therefore it was enacted that Richard Hall, Henry Story, William Hopper, Emory Sudler, Jr., Joseph Hopper Nicholson and Richard Tilghman Earle should be Commissioners to lay out the town with the aid of a surveyor into lots of not less than one half acre each, allowing sufficient space for streets, lanes and alleys which were to be named by the Commissioners." The lots were to be "butted or bounded by good and sufficient cedar or locust posts or stones." The lots, when laid out as directed, were to be "erected in a town to be called Centreville." Thus the founding of the present County seat of Queen Anne's County.

Not only is Kent Island noted as being the place where the first settlements were made in Maryland, where the first Anglican Church was established, but it has the dis-

tinction of at one time being formed into a separate and distinct County. It is frequently remarked at the present time, that "Little Britian," as it is hu norously called, has a law entirely unique unto itself, nothing like it in any of the law journals or in any section of the County. If such is the fact, it must be the out growth of the fact that in 1642, Dec. 16. Kent Island was erected into a separate and distinct County, with William Ludington, Richard Thompson, and Robert Vaughn as Commissioners, "within our said Island to all powers and effects as to Commissioners of a county by the law of the province do and shall belong" and they were "now first authorized to hold County Court in the isle of Kent." This Island has the oldest town within the present limits of Queen Annes county. It is the village in the vicinity of Broad Creek. which took its name originally from the Creek, but in recent years has been known as Stevensville. Its location has possibly been shifted somewhat in the course of time, and in the former years when the "ferry went from Broad Creek to Annapolis, it was doubtless much nearer the water and also closer to the old Episcopal Church, which was standing until within a few years ago."

Upon this Island was built a Court House, and there is no doubt, from the examination of the old records, that there was a thriving business there and that it was from

this point that the settlers went to the mainland.

Claibourne built at the south end a fort and mill, and

formed there a village which was very short lived.

The part played by Queen Anne's county in the Revolutionary War was very conspicuous. The men from this county occupied prominent places and positions, both in the military and civil departments of the early struggling Colonies, and to them is due a great many of the important efforts connected with the liberation of this country from the domineering and over-powering control of the mother country. Among them we find the names William Paca, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Beale Bordley, Thomas Wright, William Hemsley, Turbutt Wright, Solomon Wright, James Hollyday, Jas. Tilghman, Richard Tilghman Earle, John Brown, John Seney, Joshua Seney, William Carmichael.

In the troublesome times of the year 1776, and those following, these men played a large and important part. When brothers would fight brothers, when the Continental Congresses were split with dissension and useless bickerings over nothing, and was wasting its time, which should have been used in aiding the cause of the Colonies, when the officers of Washington's staff and of the various armies of the Colonies were engaged in treason and in insubordination, and in an effort to supplant the Commander-in-Chief; these men stood always ready and willing to sacrifice not only their fortunes but their lives in the cause which they felt sacred and for what they considered right. It will be well worth the time to give the lives of these men a more careful and minute study, but this we are unable to do here.

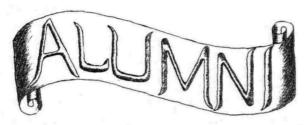
In those days of weekly newspapers, of travel by coach and horse back, and when there was no telephone or telegraph, the position of postmaster was not a very lucrative one. In 1776 Queenstown was the only post-

office in Queen Anne's county, and the amount of postage for the year ending October 5th was \$51.18. In 1790 the postoffice was Chester Mills, when the receipts of the

year ending September 30th was only \$65.73.

Facilities and means of education were not very great in the early days of this country, but in 1723, however, a law was passed for the purpose of erecting a school as near the center of the county as possible for the purpose of educating as many children as possible. The visitors who had charge of this first school for Queen Anne's county were Rev. M. Christopher Wilkenson, Philemon Lloyd, Richard Tilghman, James Earle, Sr., William Turbutt, Augustine Thompson and Edward Wright. These visitors were appointed and directed to purchase one hundred acres of land and to erect thereon a school house and residence for the master, who was to be a member of the Church of England, "of pious and exemplary life and conversation, capable of teaching the grammar good, writing and mathematicks, if such can conveniently be got." The compensation of this worthy school master was to be 20 sovereigns per annum. These commissioners purchased the lot desired which is located on the south side of the road leading from the road from Centreville to Queenstown into Tilghman's Neck, and is the property now owned James McKenney Tilghman, the late Judge Robinson and others. It was about one-fourth of a mile west of the Queenstown road and north of the Tanyard bridge. The visitors of this school got into some difficulty about the land belonging to the school and had considerable trouble in compelling pupils to attend and in making the proper and necessary arrangements for the conduct of the school. They petitioned the Legislature in 1787 asking some relief in their difficulty. This, however, the Legislature refused to give, and by an Act passed on the 22nd of Dec., 1788, for the relief of the poor of Queen Anne's county, they abolished the board of visitors of the free schools. and directed that the property belonging to them and used by them should be conveyed to the trustees named therein as trustees for the poor of Queen Anne's county; such was the fate of the first effort of public education in Queen Anne's county. The failure, however, of this effort on the part of the county and State does not indicate or show conclusively, by any means, that the people of Queen Anne's county were neither learned or educated people, for such is not the fact, and we have only to make a close study of history to see that some of the most learned men of the early times came not only from the State of Mary-

land, but from Queen Anne's county. Strange and curious were the customs of those days. and many things which were considered right and proper, and were upheld, would be frowned down upon today. Who would think of repairing a church, or building a school house or dredging a river by money obtained by means of a lottery? Such was the case then, and one who will turn over the leaves of the old Acts of the Assembly of the State of Maryland, will find many instances of just such things to further the advancement of the people materially, mentally and spiritually. We have only to look back at the Acts of the Assembly of those early times and compare them with what is thought and done today, to see great advancement and improvement which can be attributed primarily and largely to the public school system which exists today in Queen Anne's county, and of which the Centreville High School is the center.



With great pride we boast of our young Alumni Association, organized June 12th, 1906, with twelve members. Professor L. L. Beatty was in the chair, with Mr. J. T. Bruehl as temporary secretary. The following officers were elected:

President. - - Dudley W. Penington.

Vice-President. Nina O. Vane.

Rec. Secretary.

Lida B. Carter.

Cor. Secretary, Treasurer.

Mary Johnson.

A committee, composed of Professor B. J. Grimes, Miss Lida Price and Miss Estelle Rose, was appointed to draft the Constitution and By-Laws.

In order to raise the standard of scholarship in mathematics, the Alumni decided to award a prize to the

Senior class.

At present the Association numbers eighteen, eight of whom are now teaching in our county schools, and we look for the success which we feel confident will crown their labors. We feel assured that the others are reflecting equally as much honor upon their Alma Mater.

A 8 P. M., June 15th, 1907, the second annual reunion of the Alumni was held at the Centreville High School. The officers elected for the ensuing year were:

President, - Ralph C. Baynard. Vice-President, Wright Thomas. Rec. Secretary, Norman Walters. Cor. Secretary, Mary Johnson. Treasurer,

This was followed by a banquet in the spacious dining room of the Arlington Hotel, and attractive indeed did it appear with its floral decorations. The following menu was served:

Soft Shell Crabs.

Olives, Pickles,

Fried Chicken.

Green Peas, New Potatoes. Lettuce and Tomato Salad,

Biscuit.

Harlequin Ice Cream,

Salted Peanuts, Assorted Cakes, Cafe Noir, Ice Tea,
Crackers.

To Mr. Orem, toastmaster, is due much praise for the success of the banquet. Those who responded to toasts were:

Professor B. J. Grimes, "Our School;" Miss Estelle Rose, "To Our Friends;" Miss Etta Comegys, '04, "Our Teachers;" Miss Isabelle Reeves, '06, "Our County in the Homeland;" Mr. Wright Thomas, '07, "The Fledgelings."

There were a number of impromptu speeches.

Others present were:

Dr. Reese Murray, Misses Price, Crowl, Crouse, Clash and Mr. J. T. Bruehl, Misses Meredith, Vane, Carter, Thompson, Johnson, Wood, Bryan and Harris, Messrs. Baynard, Walters and Barton.

Class 1903.

Dudley W. Penington is pursuing a course in Civil Engineering at Hoboken, N. J.

Class 1904.

Nellie Meredith, Nina Vane, Edith Keating and Etta Comegys are serving our county as teachers.

Nannie Wilson is teaching in Germantown, Pa.

Lida Carter is busily engaged in attending to her social duties in Centreville, Md., and elsewhere.

Class 1905.

No graduates.

Class 1906.

Of this class Isabel Reeves is the only one who has chosen the profession of teaching.

After a course at Strayer's Business College, Henrietta Thompson is filling a worthy position as stenographer and typewriter in Baltimore, Maryland.

Mary E. Johnson is busily engaged at her home, Centreville, Maryland.

Ralph C. Baynard is at present a student at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Norman Walters is assisting his father in carpentry, at Centreville, Md.

Class 1907.

Virginia Wood, Loleta Bryan and Anita Harris are among the teachers of Queen Anne's county, Md.

Wright Thomas is attending to the many duties on

Kidwell farm, Centreville, Md.

Marvin Barton is learning the undertaking business

under Wright & Eddins, Centreville, Md.

Newton Smith is honoring the Alumni with his presence at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

Class of '08 Gde

We leave thee, dear old High School, But we leave thee with a sigh. To our teachers and schoolmates We must bid a sad good-bye.

Sad and lonely seems the future
That we'll pass outside the walls,
But with thee we cannot linger
For to each one duty calls.

Into broader fields we enter

To take up our work of life.

May the lessons thou hast taught us

Strengthen us for every strife.

Though from thee we'll all be parted,
Yet our thoughts with thee will dwell,
And forever through the ages
Of thy glories we will tell.

Class of 1908

MOTTO:-AVISE LA FIN.

OFFICERS:

C. Clinton Bramble, - - President.
Gertrude Rhodes, - - Vice-President.
Frances E. Perry, - - Secretary.
Florence Bishop, - - Treasurer.

Colors:—Maroon and gold. Flowers: -Red Rose.

YELL:—Kipity! Kipity! Kip!
Rickity! Rockity! Rate!
Hi-yi-kickity-ki!
1908!

MEMBERS:

BISHOP, FLORENCE BRAMBLE, CLINTON CLARK, EDITH E. CLOUGH, BLANCHE E. McFEELY, BESSIE PERRY, FRANCES E. RHODES, GERTRUDE WOOD, GRACE



C. CLINTON BRAMBLE



FRANCES E. PERRY



FLORENCE BISHOP



GRACE WOOD

warried

BESSIE McFEELY

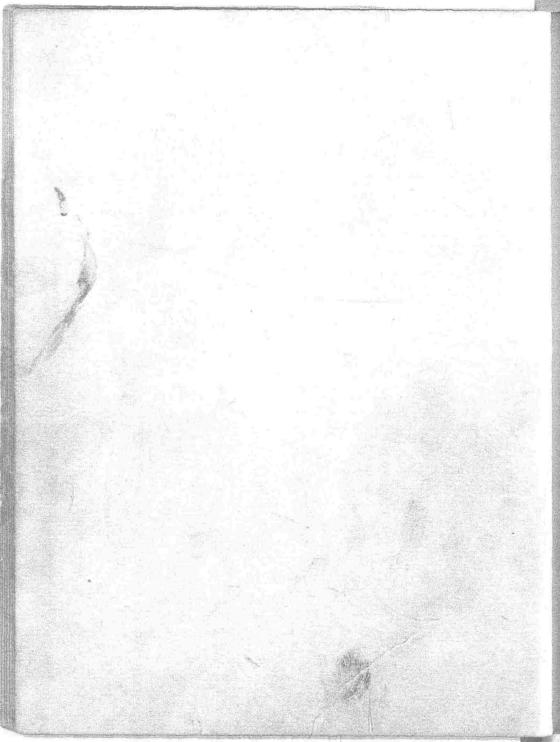


BLANCHE E. CLOUGH



LARK GERTRUDE RHODES





Class History, 1908

In April, 1901, the doors of the Centreville High School were formally opened. The pupils then registered on the Fourth Grade roll included half of the present number of the Class of '08. These four are the first to complete the full course. Though a long and difficult fight, the struggle has been continued with untiring zeal, the result of which will soon be known to us all.

We pursued our studies under the supervision of Mr. Graham Watson until June, 1901, when he was succeeded by Miss Katharine P. Legg, under whose careful attention we soon found ourselves in the Fifth Grade, that grade which we had heard was so difficult. Here we added another member to our class, Master Clinton Bramble, who, of all the boys, has remained true to the last. Much to the benefit of the High School, the departmental system was now established. We passed creditably through the Fifth Grade and, having remained the necessary time in the Sixth, we marched upstairs. Yes—we thought we were really and truly grown-ups—the idea of being a High School student meaning so much to our still youthful minds.

During this year we thought we were learning oceans of Latin, Algebra, and English History, but now, realizing how little we do know, you may be sure we can tell you quite another tale.

Miss Frances Perry honored us this year by joining our ranks and has proved very faithful, even though she has to drive fourteen miles daily. In the spring, death called to rest one of our much beloved members, Miss Goldie E. Harris.

September, 1905, Misses Blanche Clough and Florence Bishop were most cordially welcomed as classmates. At last our membership was complete, and we, the naughty eight ('08), have been together for the past three years. The Eighth grade saw the starting of that B. O. B. Society. It of course meant "Books On the Brain," but naturally so many saw it from another point of view. Even our friend, the Manual Training Instructor, fails to forget this little episode in our History.

But, hark! we are juniors now, and assemble for the first class meeting. What a novelty! After much hesitation and a great amount of shyness (?) on the part of

the "girls" the following officers were elected:

President, Clinton Bramble. Secretary, Frances Perry. Treasurer, Florence Bishop.

Red and gold were selected as class colors, and the red rose for the flower.

Jolly Juniors—a term well applied and I fear well stretched to the full extent of its meaning. For who of us will ever forget the curiosity of the teachers when we were working hard in the "Cæsar Room" (don't ask me the work); the "Watermelon Party," "Chestnut Expedition," the "March Swimmer," the "Dancing Dan Patch," or "that victory over the Seniors on Arbor Day."

In December, Mr. Grimes, our principal, was chosen County Superintendent, and we were forced to realize

that he would be ours no longer.

With much anxiety we awaited the arrival of his successor, who, as report had predicted, proved to be a very kind and interesting instructor.

On March the twenty-first we were entertained as a class by Mr. and Mrs. Bruehl, in honor of Miss Perry's

birthday.

Wishing to become better acquainted with the Seniors, Mr. Orem and the Class of 1908 on the 15th of May invited the Class of 1907 on a straw ride to Windy Hill. Two days later the Graduating Class was scheduled for Annapolis, and, through the kind efforts of Mr. Orem, the Ninth Grade was allowed to accompany them. That day's journey, pleasant and instructive, proved to be one of the most interesting in 1908's History.

The June exams began, and, having passed them successfully, we knew that we would soon return, posing as Seniors.

But now that we are really such, not one of us is able to do justice to the customary phrase, "Dignified Seniors."

We are still the unsettled students of by-gone days, but soon we hope to be able to assume this dignity.

At our first class-meeting this year, we selected the motto, "Avise La Fin." The next day we hurriedly went off from school to seek chestnuts, and the next week, when it was too late, "considered the end." We shall never again be guilty of the same act, so we humbly crave pardon.

During the early fall the faculty kindly consented to assist us in getting out a Year Book. And it is to their

unceasing interest we owe the success of "KIP."

Just before school closed for the Christmas holidays, we made our debut on the stage in tableaux, the most interesting ones being the impersonation of the Faculty.

Lately work seems the order of the day, everybody working, teachers and pupils. And why? The school year is drawing nearer and nearer to a close. The Seniors upon the eve of a "Commencement in the race of life" scarcely realize that their time together is so short.

Though we are soon to part and to enter into different and broader fields of life, there will ever be one common bond, the claim which the memory of our Alma Mater holds upon us.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollections present them to view."

The class of eight in 1908 ate! and ate!!! and ate!!!



Prophery of Class of '08

One day as we were strolling Along a country way, We met a gypsy woman Who carried a large tray. She showed us all the contents, Said she would read our palms, Which filled us first with pleasure And then with vague alarms, But gathering up our courage And determined to be brave, We asked her of our futures And to her money gave. This seemed to please her fancy, She cast a look at each, And began by telling Gertrude That she was sure to teach. For Edith she predicted A doctor's place to fill; And said Grace would give comfort To people that were ill. For Frances she told marriage; To Blanche an actress's life, And Florence, a musician, Would ever play the fife. Turning to Bessie, whispered, "A Red Cross Nurse for thee." And seeing Clinton anxious Said, "An artist you will be."

Census

Name	Character	Admires	Admired For	Favorite Expres- sion	Favorite Pastime	Favorite Flower
Florence Bishop	Quietness	Opposite Sex	Good Disposition	You Don't Say So	Flirting	Tulips
Clinton Bramble	Blushing	Girls	Good Taste	I Be Dog Gone	Spooning	Brown- eyed Bess (Susan)
Edith Clark	Punctuali- ty(?)	Oral Reviews	Original Hats	That's Spontam- anious	Building Air Castles	Forget- Me-Not
Blanche Clough	Punctuali- ty(?)	Chestnut- ting	Giggles	You Idiot	Flirting	Sweet William
Bessie McFeely.	Industry	Animals	Indepen- dence	Too Nu- merous to Mention	Writing Poetry	Jack in the Pulpit
Frances Perry	. Cheerful- ness	Dancing	Knowl- edge of Cupid	Hope 'May Die	Riding	Red Rose
Gertrude Rhodes	Indiffer- ence	Dan Patch	Dignity	Contwist It	Cooking	Son (Sun) Flower
Grace Wood	Indepen- dence	General History	Peacea- bleness	O Pshaw	Giggling	Violet

Favorite Tree	Favorite Song	Favorite Residence	Accom- plishment	Color of Hair	Color of Eyes	Purpose at School	Vocation
Chestnut	"Love Me and the World is Mine"	Troy	Painting	Black	Hazel	To Have a Good Time	Teaching School
Chestnut	"Yet to Appear"	Isle of Rhodes	Making Love	Brown	Varie- gated	To Sharp- en Pencils	
Chestnut	"Ivy Green"	Easton	Bluffing Teachers	Tan	Blue	To Learn English	Keeping House
Chestnut	"Billy and Me"	Ridgely	Roller Skating	Black	Brown	To Learn How to Loaf	A Happy Wife
Chestnut	"Derrie" (Dearie)	Mt. Hope	Bragging	Brown	Brown	To Write Notes	Stenogra- pher in a Law Office
Chestnut	"Minne haha"	France	Singing	Light Brown	Blue	Father Sent Her	Leader of Society
Chestnut	"How'd You Like to Spoon With Me"	Home	Breaking Hearts	Golden	Blue	To Study	Keeping Old Maids Hall
Chestnut	"Home, Sweet Home"	Nor- mandy	Making Candy	Black	Blue	To Talk	Nursing

Class Song

Fare thee well, dear Alma Mater,
Parting's hour is drawing nigh,
And with loving thoughts we crown thee,
As we say our our last good-bye.
We would deck thy name with laurels
And would spread thy fame afar,
As thou goest through the ages
May thou be a guiding star.

As thy record groweth brighter,
Stronger with the passing years,
May our thoughts still linger near thee,
May we share thy hopes and fears.
From our hearts which hold the ever,
With a love both true and warm,
We will never let thee sever
In the Sunshine or the storm.

Now, how easy seem the lessons,
That have plagued us o'er and o'er;
As we studied in thy cloisters
Seeking knowledge more and more.
Into real life now we enter,
May we guard thine ideal well
And forever thee remember,
Alma Mater dear, farewell.

Macheth

When Duncan was king of Scotland, there lived a great thane, called Macbeth. He was a near kinsman of the king and a great favorite at court, on account of his

valor and conduct in wars.

When Macbeth and Banquo, another Scottish general, were returning victorious from war, they were accosted by three weird sisters. These witches, after they had enjoined both men to silence, saluted Macbeth, first with his title, Thane of Glamis, and then, as the Thane of Cawdor. This surprised him but he was amazed still more by being addressed as the future King of Scotland. Then turning to Banquo, they told him that though he would never be king his descendents should one day rule Scotland. The witches disappeared, leaving Macbeth and Banquo speechless. While they were thus standing, a messenger of the king arrived and hailed Macbeth as Thane of Cawdor. A part of the prophecy having been fulfilled so soon, Macbeth began plotting to make the rest come true. But Banquo had no belief in such things, saying they were inducements to commit evil deeds. Macbeth, being evil by nature, would not heed the words of Banquo and began planning the murder of Duncan.

Macbeth returned home and told his wife of the happenings of the day. She, being an ambitious woman, began with her husband to plan for the fulfillment of the proph-cy. Fate seemed to favor them, for at this time Duncan and his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, came to visit them. Lady Macbeth won her husband's consent to the murder of their king, but she felt she must do the killing, for he was so "full of the milk of human kindness" that he would not play false, yet would wrongly win. So

she, armed with a dagger, approached Duncan's room. Meanwhile she had drugged his guards in order that they could not see her as she approached to kill her king. But, as Duncan lay sleeping, he so much resembled her father that she could not strike the blow. She withdrew softly and returned to her husband. She found that, as usual, during her absence he had become weak, but, taunting him as a coward, she forced him to consent to do the deed. He took the dagger from her, sought his guest and, with one blow, murdered him. He returned to his wife in such a distracted state of mind that she reproached him for not being a MAN and then sent him to cleanse the blood from his hands. She then went and smeared with blood the faces of the guards, leaving the dagger beside them.

The next morning the murder was discovered. Macbeth who in the night had killed the guards, also brought forth the proof of their guilt. He said he had entered the room and seeing Duncan murdered, in his anger and love for his king, he killed the guards, believing them guilty of the terrible deed. Duncan's two sons, fearing that they also would be murdered, fled, one to England and the other to Ireland. This made the people suspect that the sons had incited the guards to murder the king. Suspicion thus being directed towards others, Macbeth felt safe and amid great rejoicing accepted the

crown.

Macbeth, however, did not forget the words that the witches had addressed to Binquo, and so decided to kill both him and his son. He prepared a great supper, at which Banquo was to be the honored guest. He had now become so much under the influence of evil that he, by taunts of piety and cowardice, persuaded two men to at tack Banquo on his way to the supper and kill him. These men, believing that Macbeth had spoken truly

when he said that Banquo had wronged them, willingly obeyed. So Banquo was attacked and killed, but Fleance,

his son, escaped.

While in the Banquet Hall, waiting supper for his guest, the murderers reported to Macbeth the death of Banquo. The guests besought Macbeth to grace them with his royal company, but he cried out "The table's full." His wife, thinking that he was seeing some of the strange things which had harassed him since the murder of Duncan, said. "I pray you, speak not, he grows worse and worse; Questions enrage him. At once, good night: Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

Macbeth now became so disturbed that he determined to seek once more the weird sisters. Coming upon them brewing a hell broth in a cauldron, he demanded that they reveal the future to him. They then caused three apparitions to appear before him. First, there arose an armed head, which bade him beware of Macduff, a worthy nobleman of Scotland. The second arose in the likeness of a bloody child, which told him to have no fear, for "nothing born of woman should harm him." This spirit was dismissed and there appeared a child crowned, with a tree in its hand. It said Macbeth should not be vanguished until Bernam Wood should come to Dunsinane Hill. This comforted him, for he thought that no one could possibly move a forest. He then demanded to know if Banquo's descendents should become kings. The witches caused eight shadows to pass before him. These represented the eight descendents of Banquo who should rule Scotland. Everything now vanished and he returned home. There he learned that Macduff had gone to England. This so enraged him that he ordered Lady Macduff, her children, and her servants to be put to death.

The nobility now began to desert Macbeth, and joined

Malcolm and Macduff, who were seeking aid from Edward the Confessor. Those Macbeth commanded, obeyed not through love, but fear. He now envied Duncan, who was sleeping peacefully in his grave. While these things were taking place, Lady Macbeth died. It is supposed that, unable to bear the remorse of guilt and public hate, she had taken her own life. This left Macbeth without a friend with whom he could plan his wicked schemes. Lady Macbeth was stronger than her husband and seemed to complete him; what he lacked was found in her. Now, having no prop, Macbeth, realizing his weakness and wickedness, grew weary of life, but taking security in the words of the witches, he buckled on his armor and gathered about him his few followers to meet Malcolm's army, which was approaching. He felt safe until he was told

by a servant that a wood was nearing the castle.

Assuring himself that this was true, he determined to meet the besiegers—to die at least in harness. Bernam Wood indeed was moving toward Dunsinane, for Malcolm had ordered each man to cut a bough and carry it so as to conceal the number of his army. Macbeth fought bravely until he met Macduff, and then remembering the warning, he turned to flee, but Macduff challenged him to fight. At first Macbeth refused, but recalling the words of the weird sisters, that "none of woman born should harm him," he consented. He told Macduff what the witches had promised and Macduff assured him that he now meets one "not of woman born." On hearing this. Macbeth swore that he would not fight. But, being taunted again as a coward, he at last threw himself upon Macduff, and after a severe struggle was slain by "one not of woman born." Macduff, bearing on a pole the head of Macbeth, entered the castle, hailing Malcolm, King of Scotland.

Class Alphabet

- **B** is for Blanche, a genuine brunette, But often accused of being a coquette.
- C is for Clinton, a smart little lad, When Gertrude is absent, he looks very sad.
- E is for Edith, a very "sassy" girl, When she uses her irons, she has a "fusty" little curl.
- F is for Florence, our dignified one, But she is always ready for fun.
- G is for Grace, the largest of the class, Whom everyone thinks an affectionate lass.
- M is for McFeely, who on Virgil always throws light, As she takes such long rides most every night.
- P is for Perry, and also plum, Who keeps the boys in a constant hum.
- R is for Rhodes, one of our blondes, Of whom every one is very fond.

A Catin Study Hour

SCENE—Library of C. H. S. Seven girls; one boy.

Blanche -Girls, we are not going to fool today, this lesson is as hard as the mischief.

Florence-Has anybody looked up any words? I've

found a few.

Grace-Let's begin. What does ET mean?

Bessie-Girls, I had a nice letter from Harold today and he said that they all used a pony. I wish we had a few.

Gertrude-Never mind, we'd rather get it out our-

selves anyway. "ET" means "and."

Edith-I can read it-"and I leaped upon the top of

the"-I'm stuck. Let's read our French first.

Frances-Oh, girls! did you see that boy walking down to school with Gertrude yesterday? He looked sassy. Who was he, Gertrude? Come, own up.

Gertrude-Girls, let's get our lesson. We won't get

through this period. What does TENEBAT mean?

Grace-What does AMICUS mean? It's a new word, isn't it?

Frances-That's French, isn't it?

Blanche-Idiot! What did you say ET means?

Bessie—My goodness! I can read it. I have it all written down in a book.

Blanche Girls, just think Tom Jefferson used to

study 15 hours a day!

Edith—I don't care if he did. Alexander Hamilton did more for his country than any other man, except George Washington, and—

Grace—That's not so, Prof. Noble himself said that Prof. Grimes did more for "U. S." than any other one man, of course, not counting himself.

Frances—Do shut up. I can't hear myself "wright-

ing."

Blanche Gertrude, haven't you got something to

eat? I am most starved.

Bessie—Do stop talking about eating. They say the way to a MAN's heart is through his stomach. Let's do our Latin. By the way, who's going to read my French to me this morning?

Gertrude-I will, if you read the Latin. Now,

listen girls, please do. The period is almost up.

Frances—I am going to get a pony next week and then I will read your Latin for you all. Clinton, why don't you stop talking so much?

Edith—Girls don't let's do any Latin this morning. Let's talk. Have you finished your reproduction of

Macbeth yet?

Grace—No, I haven't, worse luck! I think Miss Price will be sorry she asked us to write them when she sees mine.

Gertrude—I move that we send a petition to the

Faculty asking for shorter lessons.

Bessie—Didn't you think that Miss Rose would never hear anything the other day but the Union of Castile and Aragon?

Grace—Yes, she must surely wish to impress us with the good weddings do some people. I never intend to get

married.

Edith—Gee-whiz, it's quarter of ten. Has the bell

rung yet?

Bessie—No, we have a few minutes more. But what's the use trying to study anything when you girls do

so much talking. Why don't you keep quiet?

Florence—Bosh, why don't you practice what you

preach?

Frances—O, girls! we are going to have an "orrell" review in French today, and I do not know a single thing.

Grace—I am tired of studying anyway and I going to

get somebody's pony.

Blanche—All of our lessons are hard for today. They

certainly do pile work on us poor Seniors.

Clinton—O, girls! don't you remember, we have no Latin lesson for today? I could have told you before, but I have not had a chance.

All girls-O, dear! and we have wasted all this

period studying this lesson!

Bessie—Well, it will do for tomorrow. Clinton should have told us before. The idea of his not having any chance! I haven't talked any today. Have I girls? So unusual, too. Well, there's the bell. Now, for our French.



The Henpecked Class

O, what a dire misfortune!
We're always in the wrong,
We never know a lesson,
We never sing a song.

They say we're always laughing
And making so much noise;
This surely is impossible
As we haven't many boys.

We always do the talking In the Assembly Hall, And as for Senior Dignity We haven't it at all.

We must have all the watching Of our "Noble" Faculty, And the deeds of other classes They never have to see.

We are like the ugly duckling,
Only a little worse, alas!
For we have truly earned the name
Of "The Henpecked Class."

Class of 1909

MOTTO:-SPECTEMUR AGENDO

OFFICERS:

Joseph E. Walters, President. Margaret R. Aldridge, - Vice-President. Lillian S. Jarvis. Secretary. Maria T. Forman. Treasurer.

Class Colors: - Blue and Gold. Class Flower:-Yellow Rose.

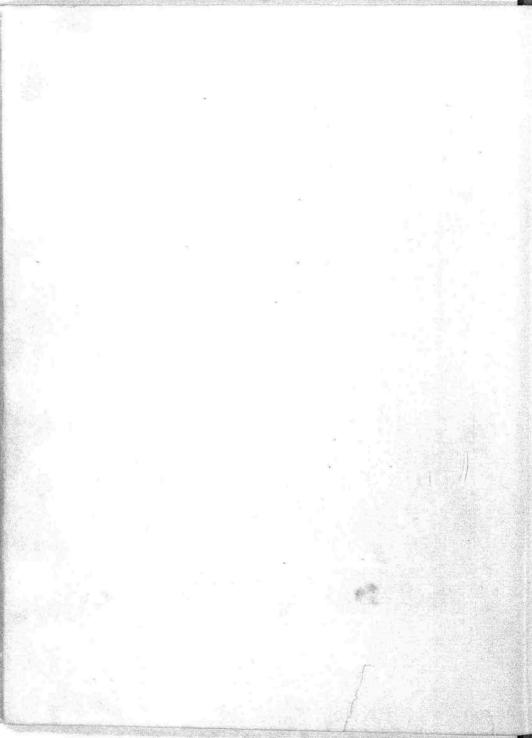
YELL:-Hippa-hoo! Hippa-hoo! Zip! Zoo! Zine! Bingo! Bango! 1909



CLASS ROLL:

Aldridge, Margaret Rawlings Jarvis, Lillian Scott Bartlett, Martha Jane Corkran, Margaret Spencer Forman, Maria Tilghman Grollman, Alma

Mitchell, James Archibald Troy, Julia Corinne Voshell, Ruth Estelle Walters, Joseph Edward





CLASS OF 1909.

Class History, '09

We have heard so often the phrase, "History repeats itself," that we have almost come to look upon it as an axiom. Although history has repeated itself often, there are some events which have happened that will never occur again. There are many happening now, in this twentieth century, the like of which will never be known. Among them is the class of 1909 of the Centreville High School. Other classes will come and go, but will there ever be one that can compare with '09? I hear an echo reverberating along C. H. S.'s not-yet-ivy-covered walls: "Never!"

In 1906 thirty lads and lasses of our little town and the surrounding county laid the foundation of our illustrious class. Even then, in our verdant Freshman days, we did not allow ourselves to be kept entirely in the background. For were not the young ladies truly remarkable for their conversational powers; and was not the base-ball team indebted to 1909 for a goodly proportion of its members?

Alas! In 1907 our class was reduced to fourteen. But, like the proverbial "bad penny", we would appear occasionally from the dark veil of seclusion in which the two higher classes seemed determined to wrap us. We were particularly noted for the slams we administered to the present worthy and dignified (?) Seniors.

In 1908 we number but ten. However, this self-same ten makes up in class spirit what it lacks in numbers. On October the second, 1907, after many doubts, fears and discussions, we performed that master feat of bravery—

class, being in every detail the model of dignity and business ability!!! During all succeeding meetings the example set by '09 is one by which the lower classes might easily profit. As it oftimes happens that, during a meeting, a member of the class is seen sitting on the table or saying excitedly from their place, "But, Joseph, I don't think so;" instead of rising with all the dignity proper for a Junior and announcing calmly, "Mr. President, I do not agree with Miss——'s assertion." Now I will leave it to the reader to decide if such an example is not worthy of imitation.

Shortly before the Christmas holidays the class of 1909 performed another notable feat, never before heard of—they cleaned and dusted the book room. Surely this

is worthy of being recorded in history.

In January we were all very much indisposed, in fact, we were suffering from the worst attack of complaining, according to the diagnosis of a certain member of the Faculty, that has ever before existed in the career of the classes of the C.H.S. Happily, however, we recovered our equanimity in time to stand with great fortitude the trials of the mid-year examinations. Since then all has been plain sailing over the vast sea of education, with only an occasional ripple on the smooth surface. But for the rest let our motto serve: "Spectemur Agendo" (Let us be seen by our deeds).

"Historian."

The Princess

Seven young men were spending their vacation at an old English country home. There, where every part of the surroundings brought before them the age of chivalry and adventure, they told one day, at the request of their

host's sister, the story that follows:

Once in the Northland dwelt a fair-haired, blue-eyed prince. This Prince had inherited the curse of a witch, who had been burned by one of his ancestors, and, as a consequence, he was given to certain wild seizures, during which he was unable to distinguish the "shadow from the substance."

While yet a child, he was wedded by proxy to a southern princess, Ida. When he grew up and the time drew near for them to be married, his father sent ambassadors with gifts to fetch her. But they returned with a great piece of tapestry and a message from Gama, Ida's father, saying that his daughter had decided to disregard

entirely the contract and would never wed.

The king, in a rage, summoned to the presence room the Prince and his two closest friends, and here he declared that he would send an army to bring her in a whirlwind. But the Prince, objecting to such hasty measures, suggested that he, with Florian, who had a sister in Gama's court, and Cyril, who was an adventurer, should be allowed to go to see the Princess and ascertain if some error had not been made.

His father, having said that he should not go, the Prince rushed away to a still nook in the woods and, taking out Ida's picture, which he always wore, looked meditatively at it. While he was thus occupied a South wind arose and seemed to whisper, "Follow, follow, thou shalt win."

Before that month was over the three young men stole away and journeyed on until they reached the imperial palace of Gama. There they met the king, and after three days of feasting, the Prince pleaded his cause. Gama told him of the Princess; how she, with her two widowed friends, Lady Blanche and Lady Psyche, had founded a college to which none but women should be admitted. There they should be taught to lose the child, assume the woman and thus be placed on an even pedestal with man. He also said that he had given her, at her request, a summer palace near the frontier, where she had established her University.

This story made the Prince all the more anxious to win the Princess for his bride. They rode up to the University, stopping at an old inn, where they asked the host to deliver to the Princess the letters her father had written. He refused, telling them that women only were allowed within the gates. This suggested to the Prince an idea which he lost no time in putting into effect. Cyril, Florian and the Prince, dressing themselves as girls, rode to the University and asked to be enrolled as Lady Psyche's pupils.

At day-break the College Portress came, bringing them academic robes of lilac silk. Then they were led through pillared halls, up stairs into a room where, with two tame leopards crouched beside her, sat the Princess. She arose, bade them welcome, and in a few gracious words told them the purpose and the aims of the school. After the laws of the school were read, the Princess dismissed them.

From her presence they went to Lady Psyche's class. The lecture being ended, she beckoned them to come to her and was congratulating them when suddenly she

cried, "My brother!" for she recognized Florian. Then she declared that her vows bound her to tell the Princess, but after much pleading and a promise to slip away, she was persuaded not to tell on them. While speaking all were startled by a voice saying, "I have brought a message from Lady Blanche." Turning they saw Melissa, Lady Blanche's daughter, who also agreed not to betray them. The men wandered all about the University grounds, stopped to hear parts of several lectures and finally went into the chapel for vespers.

The next morning, as soon as they appeared, Melissa told them to flee, as her mother had discovered their identity and was going to inform the Princess. Cyril went to Lady Blanche, and, telling her all, begged her to spare their lives. He appealed to her ambition, her mother's love, but in vain, for she replied what duty demanded that she must do. Just as their conversation ended, a message was received from Ida, inviting them to ride with

her that afternoon to see a certain strata.

On this expedition the Prince and Princess rode together. After tea the Princess suggested that they sing. A maiden named Violet sang a very sentimental song, "Tears, Idle Tears," which Ida regarded with much disdain. Then turning to the Prince she asked him to sing a song of his own land. The Prince, aping a treble as nearly as he could, sang of the Princess and his love for her. When he ceased all the ladies began to laugh, and the Princess, smiling, made a jest about his voice and the subject of the song. Then she asked him to sing, describing the manners of his countrymen. While he was racking his brain for such a song, Cyril, in sport, began to sing a careless tavern tune, unfit for ladies to hear. Florian nodded at him, the Prince frowned, and Ida cried "Forbear!" The Prince, heated with passion, cried

"Forbear, Sir," and struck him. Ida cried "To horse" and all the maids in wild confusion mounted their horses and rushed over the bridge Suddenly a cry arose, "The

Head, the Princess, Oh! the Head!"

Blind with rage she had missed the plank and rolled into the river. The Prince gave one look, and, though clothed as a woman, leaped into the river after her and brought her safely to shore. Then, unwilling to meet her eye, he went back on foot to the college, climbed the wall, and dropped down on the terrace. Florian came up to him and together they stole behind the columns where they heard each girl called to trial. At length Ida called for Lady Psyche, but she was not to be found. Neither was Cyril.

Suddenly two Proctors leaped upon them and caught Florian, but the Prince led them a chase in and out among the pillars until he started laughing, then, catching his foot

in a vine, he fell and was captured.

They were taken to the Princess, who was found with Lady Psyche's child, whom she had decided to bring up as her daughter. Melissa was kneeling before her, sobbing; Lady Blanche was delivering an oration upon Lady Psyche's desertion, Ida's faithlessness to her (Blanche) and its subsequent effect upon her cherished plan. The Princess hears her to the end, then says, "Your oath is broken; go." Just as Lady Blanche was half dragging Melissa from the hall, a messenger entered with two letters, saying that an army was without the gates. Ida, taking the letters, read them, a flame of anger reddened her face. Then handing the Prince the letters said, "Read."

The first was from her father, saying that when he had sent the Prince to her, he did not know her cruel laws; but hastening to hinder wrong he had been captured by the Prince's father, who held him as a hostage for his

son. The other letter, from his father, said that the Princess had his son, and he advised her to keep her contract to marry him, but if she touched a hair of his head he would that night pluck her palace down. The Prince, reading no further, broke into passionate speech, telling lida how he loved her, that he had come not unauthorized; then he handed her the letter which her father had given him. She took it and dashed it unopened at her feet. Turning to the Prince, she thanked him for her deliverance from death, complimented his behavior and appearance in woman's clothes; then scorning him she told him she hated him and ordered eight giant plough women, who had stood behind her during all this scene, to push them out the gates.

Before they had gone very far, they were stopped by a sentinel, who told them the king awaited them. On seeing the Prince the old king told Gama he was free. Florian and the Prince immediately changed their dresses for suits of male, and, on leaving their tent, they met Cyril. After the three friends had made their peace, Cyril told how the night before, while trying to find the king's camp, he had come upon Psyche weeping. Then he led the way to a tent where Lady Psyche lay on the ground covered with a soldier's cloak. Each tried to comfort her, but nothing availed until Cyril told her to live for her child. Then, bursting into a torrent of tears, she deplored the loss of Aglaia and said she would richly reward the person who would restore her child to her. Cyril said he would do it.

Returning, they found the kings discussing the best way to make the Princess yield; the Prince, as on a former occasion, was opposed to war. Gama agreed with him but suggested that they ride over into the enemy's camp to talk it over with Arac, Ida's favorite brother. Arac

objected to peace and the Prince suggested that Cyril, Florian and he should stand the three brothers of the Princess. Again Arac objected, but finally they decided on fifty to fifty in a tourney and sent a message to Ida asking if she approved. She replied that it was satisfactory to her. If Arac should win she would have gained her point; if not, she would yield. But she asked her brother to spare the life of the Prince since he had saved hers.

The day of the conflict arrived. As the Prince rode into the list he saw, high up in a castle window, the Princess, with Psyche's child, watching them. At first the conflict seemed favorable to him, but one by one his men fell, until at last only Cyril, Florian and himself remained. Then the two were thrown, leaving the Prince to combat with Arac, who, after a fierce struggle, conquered; his opponent being carried from the field, supposedly dead.

A great cry arose, "The Prince is slain." Above the tumult the clear voice of Ida rang out in a wild song of triumph. Suddenly she seemed moved by compassion, and with Aglaia still in her arms, she led a hundred of her maids to the camps to nurse the wounded. Passing she saw the Prince and the sad face of his father, which filled her with sympathy, and her will softened as she thought of his mother. Feeling his pulse, she found he was not dead, and she begged that he might be brought to the palace, where she herself could nurse him.

As she spoke Psyche kept drawing nearer and nearer until the child held out its arms to its mother. Then Ida turned and Cyril, remembering his promise, dragged himself on one knee and pleaded with Ida to give up the child, whose mother so longed for it. Bidding the child an affectionate farewell she laid it in his armed hands and he gave it to Psyche. Psyche implored Ida to forgive her, but Ida did not speak. Then Arac told her not to be

so hard-hearted, but to forgive her; still she did not move. Gama, touched beyond his wont, pleaded with her likewise with no effect. The old king now told her that if she were so hard, he could not trust his son to her. Then the tempest burst and ida embracing Psyche, forgave her, and turning to the Prince's father begged again to be allowed to nurse his son. She sent all the maids home and flung the doors open wide so that all who were wounded might enter and be nursed.

Thus their fair University was turned into a hospital. Melissa and Psyche tended Florian, for although Lady Blanche had gone, she had left her daughter. Psyche was afraid to yield to Cyril's pleading because she feared to arouse again Ida's indignation. One day Ida, coming unexpectedly upon them, cast one look, then

passed on. After that Psyche yielded.

Ida's brothers and father still pressed the Prince's claim until a close interest in him started up, then tenderness, and lastly love. One evening he awoke sane and found Ida sitting beside him. He besought her to kiss him, telling her again of his love for her. With the kiss

"Her falser self slipt from her like a robe."

Late in the night he awoke and found her still beside him, reading aloud to herself. The poetry seemed to awaken some thoughts, for dropping the book, she confessed that she had failed in humility, but scorned to yield to one who did not respect the rights of women. He tells her he has loved her always and has seen her natural self through the "crust of iron moods."

> "Indeed I love thee; Come, Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one. Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself; Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

Class of 1910

MOTTO:-Non quis sed quid.

OFFICERS:

President. John Tucker, John Tucker, - - - President. Myrtelle S. Ford, - - Vice-President. Agnes D. Durney, - - Secretary. Henrietta McK. Holton, - - Treasurer.

Class Colors:-Olive and Gold. Class Flower:-Buttercup.

YELL: Hullabuloo! Belax! Belen! C. H. S. 1910.

CLASS ROLL:

Bailey, Nellie Lucille Burke, Glennie Adams Durney, Agnes Dolores Wood, Mary Emma Ford, Myrtelle Story

Holton, Henrietta McKenney Barton, Mary Augusta Rittenhouse, Pearle Thrasher West, Catherine Elizabeth Cecil, William Downes

Tucker, John Thomas



CLASS OF 1910.

Class History, '10

The ninth of September, 1906, saw the Class of 1910 of the C. H. S. begin its career in the field of knowledge. This class has, indeed, a bright future; in the very beginning we started in many respects a leading class. other which has ever entered this institution can boast its superiority in numbers; there were thirty-two members. Thus we had quantity as well as quality.

Well do I remember the day we assembled in Miss Price's room to form the illustrious class of 1910. Although the girls did not take part in the athletics, yet they were helpful to the boys holding prominent positions on the team. Had the boys continued their course of study, there never would have been a class to equal this one in the history of the C. H. S.

Having passed through the stormy seas to the Eighth Grade, we now turn to the duties before us with feelings of lofty pride and veneration. All cannot fail to recognize the ability of this class, which has been, and is destined to be an important factor in the C. H. S. Although we have diminished in membership to the number of eleven, nevertheless we are represented in the fine artsmusic, painting, elocution and oratory. A few of our members have become noted actresses, having won their laurels in the operetta, "The Enchanted Apple." These sparks which are first brought to our notice now, will, no doubt, in future years, be kindled to a flame whose beams will attract the attention of many.

On October fourth we held our first class meeting, and elected our class officers. Master John Tucker was elected president. Confident in his leadership, we are fully satisfied that 1910 will uphold her high position during her entire existence in this school.

The events recorded and the lessons learned durthese past years will never be erased from our memory, and the success to which they will lead shall ever be an honor to the glorious class of 1910.



Monday Morning.

Teachers cranky
Pupils blue,
Questions flying
Zeros, too.
What's the matter?
Don't you know?
Monday morning,
Always so.

Class of 1911

CLASS MOTTO:- MULTUM NON MULTA.



OFFICERS:

Elizabeth J. Trundle,
S. Harrison Newnam,
G. Calvin Whiteley,
A. Marion Green,
- - President.
- Vice-President.
- Secretary.
- Treasurer.



Class Colors:—Purple and Gold. Class Flower:—Pansy.



YELL:—Rah! Rah! Rah! Rix! Rax! Reven! Hurrah! Hurrah! 1911!



CLASS ROLL:

Allen, Anna W.
Bishop, Mabel E.
Butler, M. Louise
Comegys, Elva M.
Covington, Mary B.
Ford, Robert J.
Green, A. Marion
Green, Fannie H.
Green, William
Harris, S. Oscar
Holland, Ruth E.
Jewell, Ivy M.
McFeely, P. B. H.
Melvin, Cecil

Mitchell, F. Louis Newnam, S. Harrison Ozmon, John H. Perry, A. Isabel Price, Lee C. Price, Lota M. Rittenhouse, Ruth O. Rolph, J. Fletcher, Jr. Slaughter, Blanche E. Smith, Carlos L. Tilghman, Helen G. Trundle, Elizabeth J. Walters, Nataline E. Whiteley, G. Calvin



CLASS OF 1911.

History of Freshman Class

This class is certainly a model class (?); its talents lie in many directions, particularly in music, athletics, talking, etc.

In our studies we, as a whole, stand well, but our work in the Manual Training Department is especially worthy of notice!!!!

We are known by our deeds, which are many, and which in the past have earned for us the nickname, "Never Stills." But "Let the dead past bury its dead"—we are working for the future.

Many things have happened this year, making it a year long to be remembered. Some of us showed our extreme youth by writing letters to Santa Claus. It is on account of our youth that we are made to bear the blame for the larger part of the mischief done in the school.

Now, I lay aside my pen until another year, when a a second page will be added to the history of the class of 1911.



THE CLASS DF-13.

Barton, W. Edward
Bohland, Natalia H.
Clark, Helen R.
Clark, Reba
Dolby, S. Janie
Harris, M. Wilson
Jacobs, J. Kent H.
McClyment, Helen
McClyment, Laura
McFeely, Katharine L
Melvin, Edith
Mullikin, M. Edna

Price, Robert R.
Rhodes, Helen T.
Rose, Alice V.
Rose, William J. Jr.
Seward, Pere F.
Smith, Alma E.
Thomas, W. Collins
Thomas, Serrecer B.
Thompson, Anna McF.
Thompson, Mary N.
Tilghman, Frances E.
Troy, Margaret E.

Fifth



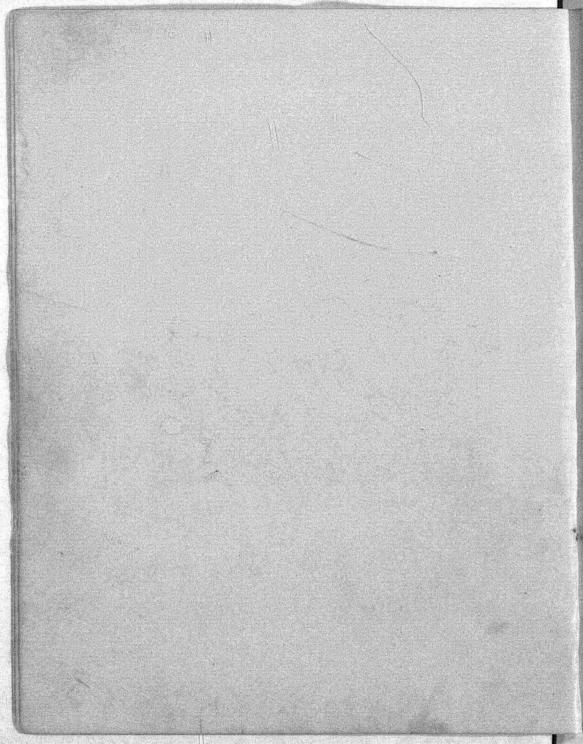
Grade

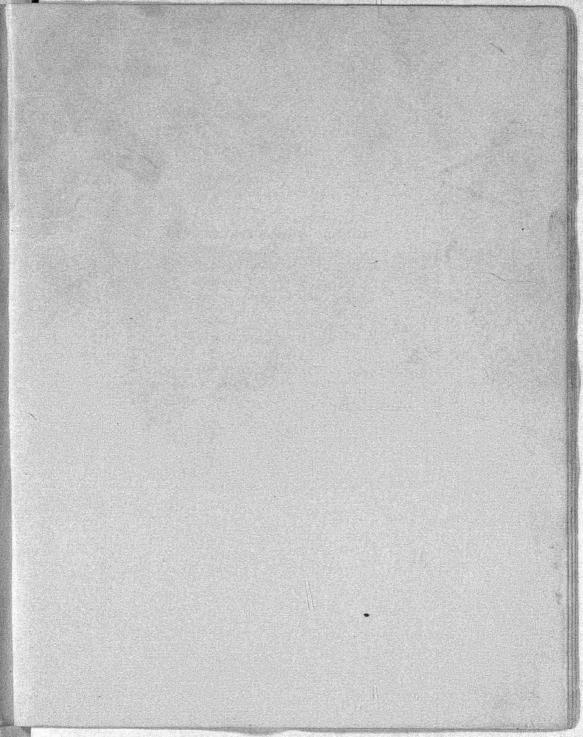
Aldridge, George W. Bartlett, Vaughan C. Brown, Dorothy M. Chilcutt, Walter L. Cole, H. Lee Cosden, B. Holton Costin, James H. Covell, E. Hall Covington, William S. Durney, Henry A. Eaton, Charles F. Elliott, Grace E. Fesmyer, J. B. Harper Fesmyer, Jewell H. Gibson, Helen G. Goldsborough, Nellie P. Greaves, J. Allan Holmes, T. Reed Jacobs, William McK. McFarlane, Wm. Grason Woodford, William T.

McKenney, William Mitchell, John McK. Ozmon, J. Roger Perkins, Agustus Price, Anna H. Skinner, Adelaide A. Thomas, Francis E. Thomas, Lillian N. Thompson, William E. Townsend, Benjamin F. Tucker, William B. Voshell, Annabel Voshell, Wm. Frederick Walters, J. Floyd Walters, Frederick G. Walters, S. Henrietta West, Minnie R. White, Frances L. Whiteley, J. Harman Wise, Harold J.



GRAMMAR SCHOOL GRADES.





James Ryder Kandall

James Ryder Randall, one of Maryland's greatest poets, most popularly known as the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," was born in Baltimore, Jan. 1, 1839. He was the only son of John K. and Ruth M. Randall. On his mother's side he was descended from the people of "Evangeline."

At three years of age he was able to read. His first teachers were Miss Ann Ready and Prof. Clarke, who, years before, had t ught Edgar Allen Poe at Richmond.

When 10 years old his godfather, Rev. James Ryder, a renowned orator and scholar, persuaded his father to send the future writer to Georgetown University. While there, at the age of eleven, he was commended by the President of the United States, Gen. Zachary Taylor, upon his accomplishments as an orator. At the age of sixteen he won a medal for excellence in English. When in the graduating class he contracted pneumonia and was compelled to leave school. While a student, Randall wrote several poems and had them published in Washington papers.

After his college days Randall made a trip in a sailing vessel to Rio de Janeiro; this resulted in a poem called "Eidolon" He returned to Baltimore, but he soon departed for Florida and then for New Orleans. In 1860 he accepted the tutorship of English and Latin in Poydras College, on the Fausse river, about three miles from the Mississippi and one hundred and twenty miles from New Orleans. It was there that the great poem, "Maryland,

My Maryland," was written.

How the poem came to be written is best told in the poet's own words: "I was hardly 21 years old and joined in the boyish sports like one of the scholars; but when I

was alone, especially at night, my imagination occasionally blossomed into poetry. There came a time quickly when political frenzy, following the John Brown raid and the culprit's execution, burst into war preparations.

I was very much interested and excited.

One day I rode to the river postoffice and read, with intense emotion in the DELTA, how the Massachusetts regiment, marching through Baltimore, had been assailed by indignant and Southern sympathizing citizens. I had long been absent from my native State, and the startling event there inflamed my mind. That night I could not dismiss from my mind what I had read in the paper. About midnight I arose, lit a candle and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit seemed to possess me and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland.'

I remember that this idea appeared first to take shape as music in the brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly when once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but under what may be called a conflagration of the senses, if not

an inspiration of the intellect."

The next morning Mr. Randall sent the poem to the Delta, where it was first published and from which it was

copied by nearly every Southern journal.

The poem was set to music to the tune of "Lauriger Horatius," by Miss Hetty Cary, of Baltimore. In a few weeks "Maryland, My Maryland" had found its way to the hearts of the Southern people and had become a great

nati nal song.

After the writing of "Maryland, My Maryland," which is the most important event in his life, in the opinion of others, Mr. Randall served for twenty years as an editorial writer of the Augusta Chronicle. In 1888 he returned to his native city and continued as an editorial writer there. He was secretary to Congressman Fleming

and Congressman O'Brien, of Georgia, and later to Senator Whyte, his intimate friend. During recent years Randall lived in New Orleans.

At the Jamestown Exposition, on Defenders' Day, Sept. 12th, Mr. Randall was the guest of his State—an honor no other Marylander has ever enjoyed. Mr. Randall spent Homecoming Week in Baltimore as a special guest of the State—this being the last visit to his native State.

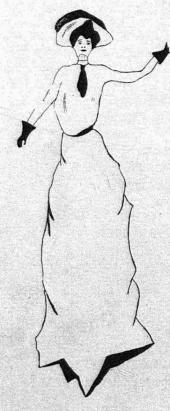
While on his way to Baltimore to have his poems published, Mr. Randall caught cold and died of congestion of the lungs in Augusta, Jan. 14, 1908. Mr. Randall was a devout Roman Catholic and he was attending 5 o'clock mass when he contracted the cold which resulted in his death.

The late Senator Whyte, his friend, says: "No man was better prepared for his departure from this world in which he had so many trials and, I may add, bitter disappointments. He was a model Christian and his dependence on the Almighty was sublime. His faith in prayer was ideal and his trust that he would not be forsaken by his Father in Heaven was childlike and touching."

Prominent Marylanders are of the opinion that the body of James Ryder Randall should rest in Maryland soil and that a memorial should be raised as a tribute by the

people.

Randall's prose was as pure as his poetry. It may be said of him, "he undertook every style of writing and none that he undertook did he not adorn." With regard to "Maryland, My Maryland," Oliver Wendell Holmes called it "the greatest war song ever written." He said also that his only regret was that he could not do for Massachusetts what Randall had done for Maryland. Two or three of Randall's writings are much nobler as specimens of poetry, but none has seized the popular imagination as has "Maryland, My Maryland."



Best Student	Alma Grollman		
Most Popular	Isabel Perry		
Best Looking	Robert Ford		
Most Original	Archibald Mitchell		
	Edith Clark		
Greatest Jollier			
Hardest to Rattle	Frances Perry		
Most Respected	Alma Grollman		
Prettiest			
Most Dignified			
Most Fascinating			
Most Ambitious	Clinton Bramble		
Most Sentimental	Frances Green		
Biggest Talker	Lee Price		
Wittiest	Archibald Mitchell		
Brightest	Clinton Bramble		
Prettiest Eyes			
Biggest Feet	Louis Mitchell		
Neatest	Nataline Walters		
Biggest Flirt	Henrietta Holton		
Quietest	Ruth Voshell		

The Faculty

Who, with all authority, Rules the students and faculty Of C. H. S. ? Mr. Noble.

Who tries to teach us all to think, And along with pleasure, duty link? Miss Price.

Who wears an abbreviated skirt, And ever will her opinions assert? Miss Rose.

Who's the only athlete in the school, And can't be rattled, for she's ever cool? Miss Crowl.

Who with no one ever cloys,
Though oft complaining of her boys?
Miss Clash.

Who wears glasses, and whose praises show She's successful in teaching and singing alto? Miss Lockard.

Who is the artist of them all, Teaches the students, large and small? Mr. Bruehl.

Diary

OCTOBER

- 7-KIP editorial staff was elected.
- 8-Clinton walks to school with Martha. (poor Seniors!)
- 9-Edith does not receive her usual letter.
- 11—Seniors have a perfect History lesson as usual (?)
- 14-Miss Rose in a good humor. Seventh Grade had a a passable Latin lesson.
- 15—Class meeting of Seniors. Results: A missed History lesson and a visit to the dentist by Blanche.
- 17-Another incident, Holton vs. Barton.
- 18-Debut of Seniors as teachers.
- 21—Seniors thoroughly enjoy an afternoon chestnutting.
- 22-Lemons abundant for the Seniors.
- 23—Tea Party in Reading Room.
- 24-Seniors receive chestnuts by mail.
- 25-Clinton caught walking to school again with Juniors.
- 28-Seniors stung all day.
- 29-Seniors dismissed at quarter of four.
- 30—Frances in a hurry to go home; her horse balked half an hour.

NOVEMBER

- 1—Seniors sleepy (kept late hours night before.)
- 4-Blue day for Maria.
- 5-Joseph quite deserts his grade to the joy of Edith.

- 6—General History so interesting; Frances goes to sleep in class.
- 7—Martha became anxious at noon, and took a walk through the Court House green.
- 8-Seniors go to Court.
- 11-Maria in low spirits again.
- 12—Eighth Grade decorate the boards by writing Latin with colored chalk.
- 13-Edith's favorite day in November.
- 15—Joseph is attacked by hysterics.
- 18—All Seniors attend chapel.
- 19-Ninth Grade complimented on work in Latin.
- 20—Miss Rose gives Eighth Grade an easy examination in History.
- 21-Ted walks to school with Isabel; where was Kent?
- 22—Another sleepy day for Seniors.
- 26-Postals received by Tenth Grade.
- 28-No school. Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER

- 3-Blanche and Bessie excused from Trig. to play.
- 4-Gertrude visits postoffice at noon.
- 5—Seniors have a case of giggles.
- 6—Letters were sent to Santa Claus by Seniors through THE OBSERVER.
- 10-Gertrude decides to keep house instead of teaching, as she has obtained a cook.
- 13-0. F. F. pins arrive.

- 16—Edith cuts her fingernails.
- 17-It rains.
- 18-Day of our play.
- 19—Seniors become pupils once more (took teachers off, day before)
- 20-Preparations for Christmas holiday.

JANUARY

- 8-Clinton absent.
- 9-Juniors obtain a new nickname. Miss Price dubbs them "Complainers."
- 13-Edith lucky in French review; it is the 13th.
- 14-Time rolls tranquilly on.
- 15-Frances wears a rat.
- 16-Blanche soars all day. Her mind seems to be in Ridgely.
- 17-Blanche is very sore today. She went skating last night
- 20-Bessie is in a good humor as usual (?)
- 21-Prof. Noble Sings in the Assembly Hall.
- 23-Excitement prevails-"Who" page for Year Book is filled out.
- 24—Another genius is discovered in Tenth Grade. Frances seems to be pressing Clinton for honors.
- 27-Seniors Wrestle with Trig. Class victorious (?)
- 28-Clinton tries to improve on Shakespeare's Macbeth.
- 29 Mr. Noble gives (?) points in the Tenth Latin exam.
- 30—Maria challenges Mr. Noble to a foot race. Challenge accepted, but race not run.

FEBRUARY

- 3-Exams. begin.
- 4-Pupils of upper grades are getting thin.
- 5—Seniors have Trig. exam. O, the groans heard from them!
- 6-Nothing but exams.
- 10—Chemistry added to graduating course.
- 11-Sadness prevails-reports are given out.
- 12-KIP board meeting.
- 14--Valentines are abundant.
- 17—Descriptions written by Seniors appreciated by all.
- 18—For a change, we "stand on" a song in the Assembly Hall, at Miss Price's request.
- 19—Frances begins to take cooking lessons at night.
- 21-Miss Rose tries to improve on Latin Grammar.
- 24-Monday. Cold as usual.
- 25-Mr. Noble thought it was St. Patrick's Day.
- 26-Juniors take electric shocks.
- 27—Seventh Grade miss their Latin; a very unusual (?) event.
- 28 Seniors make their debut as entertainers.

MARCH

- 2-Edith announces that Robert Burns' father was a man.
- 3-Fall of Troy (Corinne falls from a stool in the drawing room.)
- 4-KIP is prospering.

- 5—Frances has toothache (?)
- 6—Seventh Grade was dismissed promptly at 12 o'clock. First time this year.
- 11-Juniors take charge of Chapel exercises. Pictures taken for Year Book.
- 12-Gertrude learns how to spell and pronounce "buffet."
- 16-Frances very sad, our "oral" reviews end.
- 18-Florence tells us that a tree belongs to the mineral kingdom.
- 23-All Seniors answer to Roll Call.
- 25-Maryland Day Exercises.
- 26—Miss Price doesn't sing "Love's Old Sweet Song" in the Assembly Hall.
- 31-We sang "Love's Old Sweet Song" in Assembly Hall.

APRIL

- 1-Everybody Mad-having been fooled.
- 3-Several new cases of measles.
- 6—Blanche discovers the meaning "separaters."
- 9-A clear Day.
- 13—Cecil Melvin, late member of class '11, sends in her school books which she has given up for a cook book. She and Mr. O. E. James were married in Denton on April 9th.
- 14-Everyone in Miss Price's room answers to roll call.
- 21-Gertrude goes to the Clerk's office to buy a marriage license.
- 22-KIP goes to press.



Athletics

The students of the Centreville High School regret that at the present time there is no regularly organized Athletic Association. It may, however, be of interest to tell something of what we have done in the past.



In 1904 an Athletic Association was organized under the presidency of Prof. Grimes. Master Ralph Baynard

was chosen captain of the base ball team.

In that year, and the year following, we had a very strong team composed of our three great outfielders, Barton, Thomas and Smith; Baynard, 1b; Bartlett, 2b; Orrell, ss; W. Baynard, 3b; Perry on the "firing line," and our great

"grand stand" catcher, Butler.

This team brought fame to our Association by winning the majority of the games played. One of our strongest opponents was a team called "The Centreville Clerks." This team might have made a more formidable showing against us had they not spent most of their time kicking over the decisions of the umpire instead of playing ball.

In 1906 we again had a strong team under the management of Prof. Bruehl, with Wright Thomas as captain.

During this season an attempt was made at basket ball, but, owing to the fact that the youngsters of the Fourth and Fifth grades could not be made to appreciate the difference between a basket ball and a foot ball, the game was abandoned. We trust that at some future time C. H. S. will again win glory on the diamond—meanwhile we devote ourselves entirely to our books.

Resolutions of the Class of 'OS

After many class meetings and many days spent in deliberation, the class of 1908 has resolved:

That they will be late neither in the morning nor in the afternoon.

That they will "stand on" the song during chapel, when requested to do so by Miss Price.

That they will keep off the campus-in wet weather.

That they will refrain from scaring the downstairs grades by loud laughter.

That they will all receive averages above 85-if possible.

That they will bear no malice toward debates and essays.

That they will cheerfully take up Chemistry even in order to obtain a diploma.

That they will try to be examples, in order to fulfill Miss Price's request.

That they will not stay away from school except from necessity, not even to go chestnutting.

That they will not eat candy in school—except when the teachers are not looking.

That they will not cherish hard feelings against Virgil for writing a book too difficult to be translated.

That the rest of the class shall not interrupt Clinton when he wishes to be alone with ONE of the girls,

That they will be dignified under all circumstances.

That the girls shall wait on Clinton-it being leap year.

That no member shall propose to any man before June 15th.

That each and every member must pass the June examinations and be graduated in 1908.

Signed by

MEMBERS OF CLASS OF 1908.



Pony



Poem

I called to my pony, and Bessie, and Fan, We started to gallop and then we just ran. For late was the hour when we drew out our trot, And daylight comes swiftly when one wants it not. Behind the drawn curtain we three sought to cram, For after the study there came an exam.

A look at the other, then each took her place, Word by word, line by line, we continued the race. We conned each word over a dozen of times, And in silence we counted the ten silver chimes. We thought how swiftly the minutes make hours And galloped more quickly our ponies, the powers.

At midnight Fan groaned, and cried Bessie, "Let's stop; I'm with you no longer, my head's like a top." We glanced at her quickly, we heard a short sigh, We saw her shut book, her fast closing eye. With brow tired and heavy, and now drooping head, With one lingering look, she went off to bed.

So we were left galloping, Frances and I, O'er page and o'er page, the morn drawing nigh. The hours which were passing so hastily on Showed time to be going and soon to be gone. Till over beyond us a half page shone white, "Now faster," gasped Frances, "the end is in sight!"

"How we'll answer"—and all in a moment Fan's trot Fell down and rolled over, but she heeded it not. And there was my pony to bear the whole weight Of knowledge alone which could save "Naughty eight." From my breast there came forth a terrible groan, And breathing a sigh, on I galloped, alone.

Applied Quotations

Florence Bishop - "She is a wise woman who speaks little."

Blanche Clough—"God bless the man who first invented sleep.

So says Sancho Panza and so say I."

Edith Clark—"In a flutter, in a commotion, in a thorough ferment."

Bessie McFeely—"She is all tongue, she doth nothing but prate."

Frances Perry—"I cannot afford to waste my time in making money."

Gertrude Rhodes-"She shows more airs than graces."

Grace Wood—"The butterfly upon the road,
Preaching contentment to the toad."

Clinton Bramble—"Seldom can't, Sometimes don't, Never sha'n't, Often won't."

Conundrums

Why would Gertrude make a good base ball player? Because she makes so many strikes.

Why is Clinton dangerous? Because he is a bramble.

Why is Blanche a model pupil? Because she thinks always of (W)right.

Why does Bessie approve of the nobility? Because she admire: a "duke."

When does a kitchen always attract Frances? When it contains a Cook.

Why is Elizabeth like the setting sun? Because she is west.

Why is the Seventh Grade like a dye factory? Beit abounds in red.

Why is Marion symbolical of spring? Because he is green.

Why is the class '08 so dangerous? Because it contains so many B's that you are likely to get stung.

Why is Margaret like a mountainous region? Because she is al(l)ridge.



Favorite Songs

Edith Clark-"Love me and the World Is Mine."

Blanche Clough—"Starlight" and "Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry."

Florence Bishop—"In the Shade of the Old Chestnut Tree."

Grace Wood-"Down on the Farm."

Gertrude Rhodes-"H(oney) B(oy)."

Bessie McFeely-"Do, Ra, Me, Fa, So, La, Si, Do."

Frances Perry-"Queen of the Lemon Tree."

Clinton Bramble-"Gertrude, Where Art Thou?"

Joseph Walters—"I'm Afraid to to Go Home in the Dark."

Martha Bartlett—"When the (W)Right Little Boy Comes along."

Lillian Jarvis-"San Antonio."

Archibald Mitchell-"Dreaming."

Maria Forman-"Kiss, Kiss, Kiss."

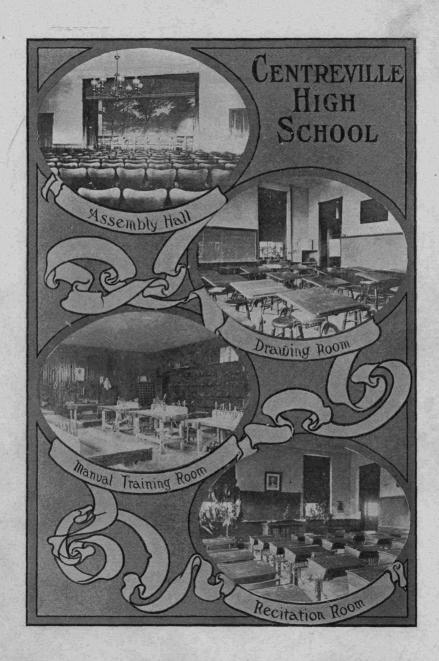
Madge Corkran-"The Moon (?) Has His Eyes on You."

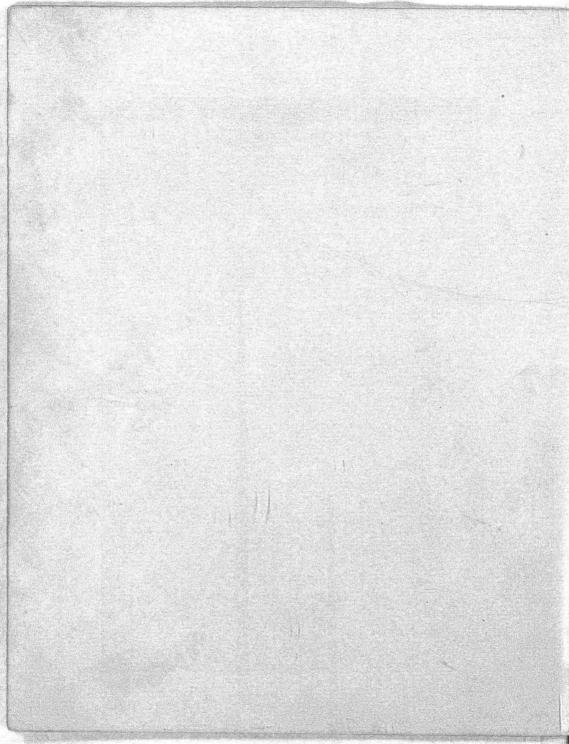
Corinne Troy-"Can't You See I'm Lonely?"

Margaret Aldridge—"Waltz Me Around Again, Erney"

Alma Grollman-"Leap Year Days."

Ruth Voshell—"If You Don't Stop Talking, I'm Going to Scream, Scream, Scream."





Little Rhymes for Little People

A certain young man named Bramble, To keep the first place, With such girls in the race, Had always a very hard scramble.

The dignified little Miss Perry,
When off with her mates,
Forgot axioms and dates,
And behaved in a manner quite merry.

A young girl whose name is McFeely, Could never refuse To hear all the news, Then exclaim in surprise, "O, really!"

A city of Europe, and a church dignitary; She's not hard to guess, Though girls, men confess, Are conundrums, far above ordinary.

A shy little maiden named Clark
Could play and could sing,
Do most anything,
And at laughing, she took a high mark.

There is a young lady named Grace, Who would, if she could, And could, if she would, In sketching, be first in the race.

A modest young lady named Clough
Was always sedate,
But sad to relate,
She picked chestnuts that fell from the bough.

Miss Rhodes is the last, but not least,
On her virtues we're dwelling,
And in T. Roosevelt spelling,
This rhymester these jingles has "Ceast."

Curiosities of C. H. S.

Edith's Hats.
The Janitor.
Bulletin Board.
Rubber Plant.
O. F. F.
Athletic Association.
Fall of Troy.
Madge's Hat.
Mr. Noble's Green Vest.

Miss Rose's Abbreviated Skirt.
Drawings of Class '08.
"Darlingle Palm Tree."
Maryland Day Quotations.
Bust Presented by Class '07.
Knowledge of Pupils.
Trophies of Chestnut Hunt.
Miss Clash's Hand Bag.
Maria and Margaret's Bookbags.



Meather Report of Senior Class

Temperature	. Wind.	Barometer.	Gen. Conditions.
113	Variable.	Uncertain.	Sunshine & Rain
76	W. Steady.	Clear.	Placid.
0	None.	Frozen.	Painful.
65	N.E.Strong.	Flying clouds.	Cyclones.
77	Still.	Hazy.	Dead Calm.
78	S. Balmy.	Clear.	Sunny.
82	S. in Puffs.	Change.	Light Showers.
76	N.W.Brisk.	Unsettled.	Blustering.
	113 76 0 65 77 78 82	118 Variable. 76 W. Steady. 0 None. 65 N.E.Strong. 77 Still. 78 S. Balmy. 82 S. in Puffs.	Variable, Uncertain. W. Steady, Clear, None, Frozen. N.E.Strong, Flying clouds. Still, Hazy, S. Balmy, Clear, S. in Puffs, Change.

Wants

WANTED—A rat for a two-story pompadour. Address F. E. P., in care of Postmaster.

WANTED-A lawyer to write my will.

Applicants leave name with the Butler. M. G. R.

WANTED-A position as an ad. for Mellin's Food. E. E. Clark, Supple Street.

WANTED-A man. Only professional men need apply. B. McF., Darling Street.

WANTED-A smile.
J. B. N., Chestnut Ave.

WANTED—Stable for a pair of ponies. B. E. C. and B. McF., Centreville High School.

WANTED-Hair Tonic.
J. T. B., Floor-walker at Lullaby,
Wails & Co.

WANTED-A position as Cook. F. E. P.

WANTED-Skating rink.
B. E. C., Ridge Ave., Caroline County.

WANTED-A vocal instructor.
Address A. N. C., College Ave.

WANTED-A copy of "Dream Life." Ship to A. M. B. via Steamer Ford.

WANTED-A Nature Study Cabinet to hold pests; adjustable and removable. M. A. L., Across the Bridge.

WANTED-A class pin. H. N., Holtontown.

WANTED-A telephone between the Fourth and Fifth Grade rooms. Apply 2 + 2, Toy Land.

WANTED-A mail box. R. F., Augusta, Me.

WANTED-A clock that keeps (W)right time. M. S. C., Jackson-ville, Fla.

WANTED-A double book bag (for two). J. F. R., Perryville, Md.

WANTED-A Tucker, mine is worn out. F. B., Hopeville.

WANTED-A hat. G. B., Rock Hall.

WANTED-A talking machine, as we have at last run down. Class '09, C. H. S.

WANTED-A few more boys. Class '08, C. H. S.

WANTED-Everything "just so." FACULTY.

Lost and Found

FOUND-A Doctor. Enter claims to LOST-A handsome pocketbook. A lib-L. P., Smithsburg, Md.

LOST-Fifteen pounds of Avoirdupois. Return to G. I. W., Farmington, N.J.

FOUND-A rat. Owner need not call for same. F. B., Wilmington, Del.

LOST-Bashfulness. If found, need C. C. B., Hampton not return. Rhodes, Va.

eral reward if returned to S. E. C ... Easy St. (Wharf Lane Ext.)

LOST-The way to Ridgely. M. S. F., Baynard's Castle, Eng.

FOUND-A Pearl. Owner please apply to W. C., Ritten House.

LOST-A whistle; worth in(g)ton(e) to a tenor trombone. Liberal reward if same is renewed. H. H., Bordley House, Centreville, Md.



Grinds

M-rth- B-rtl-tt — First vibration of the bell makes an oblong circle.

Fr-nc-s P-rry-Who wrote Macaulay's "Essay on

Milton ?"

Prof. Grimes—Which is correct, naught or AUGHT? Miss P-rrv—Zero.

Mr. N-ble—"Miss Troy, can you stop combing your bangs long enough to pay attention to this experiment."

Mr. N-ble-"What are the three modes of the distri-

bution of heat?"

M-rg-r-t Aldr-dge-"Conduction, radiation, confusion."

Fr-nc-s P-rry-September twenty-first-Is this the "local option" storm?

Patron—Little girl, what did you miss today?

Bl-nche Sl-ught-r—Only half a day, ma'am.

L-lli-n J-rv-s (Physics Class)—Won't it be fine when we get a "conservatory?"

Mr. N-ble (Latin Class)—Miss Perry will you please

tell us what you know about Cupid.

Frances Perry—He's the God of Love, that's all I know.

Fr-nc-s P rry-Collins, don't you know you will be late?

C-ll-ns Th-m-s—I'd stay here all day with you, Frances.

Arch-b-ld M-tch-ll—Great men of science are often of small stature.

Miss Pri-e-Of what poem of Goldsmith's does this remind you?

Class-"The Traveller."

Miss Pri-e-Yes, "The Deserted Traveller."

B-ss-e McF--ly—Ain't this bad on you feet, 'specially when you ain't got no rubbers on.

Ed-th Cl-rk—Mr. Bru-hl, you seem out of sorts today. Mr. B. (limping)—Yes, I am having my ups and downs.

G.Rh-d-s (speaking of the fire drill)—That is the same step that we leaned in agriculture.

G. R.—Is a bird a creature?

B. C.-Yes, of course.

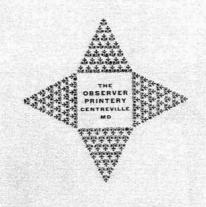
G. R.—Well, is a tree a creature?

F. B. -No, a tree is a mineral.



High School Yell

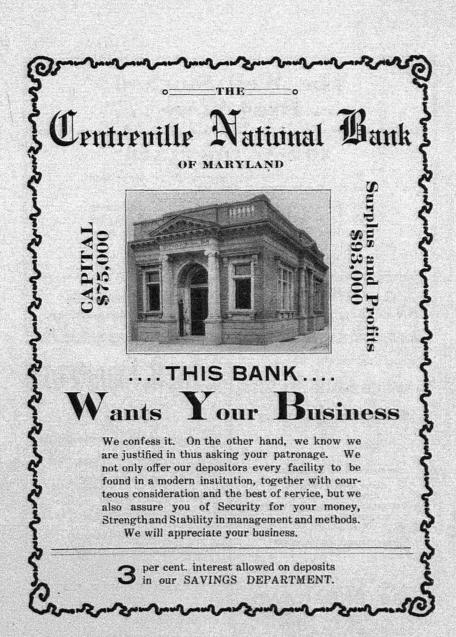
Rah! Rah! Rah! Chess! Chess! Chess! Centreville! Centreville! C. H. S.





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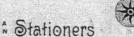
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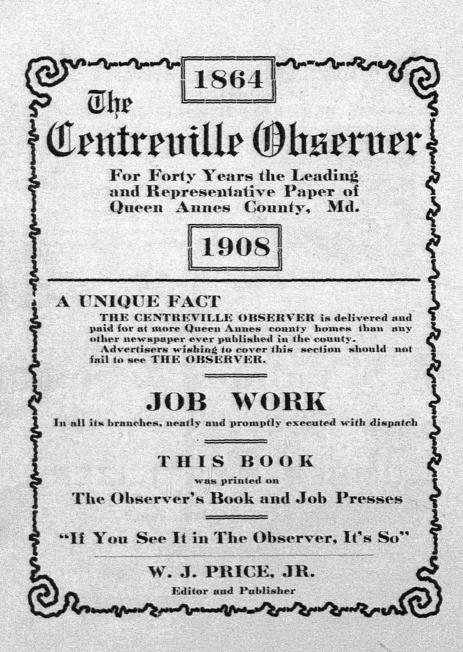
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